

# Sinfire

An American Story Full of the Romance  
and Mystery of the East.

A STRANGE, WEIRD, FASCINATING STORY OF LOVE AND HATE,  
TOLD IN ANovel MANNER, VIVID IN THE PICTURING OF  
EXCITING SITUATIONS.

Full of Virility and Dramatic Power, Stirring and Effective, Charming  
and Exciting.

THE READER FEELS THAT HE IS MORE THAN A SPECTATOR OF  
THE EVENTS AND TAKES A PERSONAL INTEREST  
IN THE UNFOLDING OF THE PLOT.

A Masterly Tale By America's Leading Author, Julian Hawthorne.

## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Dr. Frank Mainwaring, a student and recluse, lives on the family estate at Cedarville with his mother and eldest brother, John. Another brother, Henry, is living abroad. The Mainwarings are Americanized English people, and the estate, with an income of \$50,000 a year, is subject to the laws of primogeniture. Miss Sinfire Forestal, a hitherto unheard of niece of Mrs. Mainwaring, arrives at Cedarville from England, bringing a letter from her father written on his deathbed and committing the girl to the care of his American relatives. Sinfire was reared in India.

Her father betrays a deep interest in the absent Henry Mainwaring, and John becomes infatuated with his beautiful cousin. An accident reveals to Dr. Frank Mainwaring that John has the heart disease, and the ownership of Cedarville may change at any moment. IV.—Sinfire becomes a mystery in the Mainwaring household. John makes a confidant of Frank and acknowledges his love for her. He declares that he will shoot any rival who threatens him and asks Frank's aid in finding out whether her heart is free or otherwise.

The notes died away, the tonnell left the player's lips, and Sapran's sank nervously on the Indian carpet. Then with gentle, caressing tones she spoke to her and drew her toward him with his hands. She yielded herself, obedient and drooping. He lifted her and laid her softly about his neck. Her chilly coils touched his cheek, and her head, drowsy and dead, hung down upon his forehead. The charmer turned to his visitor, looking in her eyes and smiling. During this scene she had neither spoken nor moved. She still leaned forward with clasped hands and gaze intent.

But as the spell of the incantation subsided she drew a deep breath, answered his smile and murmured, "Yes, you have conquered death."

"You must often have seen stranger sights in India," said he, carefully unwinding the somnolent cobra from his neck. "The masters of the art are there. I am an amateur only and have taught." "Such power cannot be taught," replied the girl. "You were born Sapran's master, and so recognizes you."

"But I can delegate the power," said the other. "Sapran is the friend of all who are friends to me."

"Is she my friend?" asked the girl in a low voice.

"That is known to you better than to me," was the reply.

She threw back her sliken shawl, and stretching out her firm round arm laid her hand unhesitatingly upon Sapran's folds as she lay in her master's arms.

But the queen of serpents was not so deep in slumber or in apathy as she seemed. At the touch of that slender hand a strong quiver ran through her, as a woman might shudder at the contact of something she feared or hated. But with Sapran to hate was to resent. Swiftly as the eye could follow the movement her black neck rose and drew back and was launched forward again at Sinfire's unprotected bosom.

But swifter was the movement of the charmer's hand, which caught the angry cobra just below the head and withdrew the fatal stroke. The next moment Sapran was in her cage, and the screen of glass had slid into its place. Then the charmer returned to his visitor.

She had risen to her feet. As he came toward her she laughed lightly, but laid her hand over her heart.

"You were not touched?" he asked quickly.

"No, but in that moment I made a long journey—away and back again. Death is a remote country—to be near! Well, Sapran does not seem to believe in our friendship, Cousin Frank."

"I will not ask you to forgive her. I need all your forgiveness for myself for having exposed you to such a danger."

"You saved my life, and life is perhaps the most formidable of dangers," she replied, smiling again. "But I thank you none the less. And Sapran is a superb creature. I bear her no grudge. She is jealous of her master."

"She has shown that I am not her master. I shall not need the hint a second time."

"Perhaps she perceives some harm to you in our acquaintance which you and I are still unconscious of. They are mysterious beings—serpents!"

"Nothing but good can come from you to me, Sinfire, though you are more mysterious than Sapran."

"I'm sorry?" Oh, Cousin Frank, you wish to make me of me!"

"You are a mystery from your name onward," he repeated, taking her hands in his and looking in her eyes. "You are no cousin of mine. Your ancestors had been civilized a thousand years when ours were eating shellfish and shooting flint arrows on the lagoons of Europe. I speak as a scientific man, as an ethnologist and a physiognomist. Sinfire, you are a gypsy!"

As he said the last words the man of science felt the pulse leap in her delicate wrists. These organic symptoms cannot easily be controlled, though, on the other hand, nothing is easier than to misinterpret them. She instantly laughed and said: "You are a wizard! I have always thought there must be Roman blood in me. And I can tell fortunes."

There was no tremor in her voice, nor did the color deepen in her cheeks. But the wizard resolved to try his luck once more.

marry her or to account to her in some manner. She would even be capable of stabbing him through the heart if it should come to that. Such was the aspect of my theory at the time of our interview in the laboratory.

The result of that interview, so far as it had any result, was to confirm me in the leading points of my theory that she was a gypsy and that Henry was no stranger to her. It was not conclusive, but it was certainly not contradictory of these hypotheses. It would involve the disappointment of John's hopes, and it would complicate my own attitude toward Sinfire. Ought I to expose her as an adventuress? No. For two reasons—first, that it is not absolutely certain that she is one; secondly, that even if she is all I imagine she still has human rights of her own, and the affair is Henry's rather than mine. If it came to an open trial, I could almost bring myself on general principles to espouse her cause against Henry, my best beloved brother though he is.

But here is another point. She must be aware of my suspicions of her. Will she refuse to allude to them, or will she speak to me openly? If she does speak, trusting to my friendship for her, what should I do? I must either brutally cast her off or become involved in her intrigue against the rest of the family. That would be a strange predicament for a retiring, unassuming man of science like myself, and there is no telling where it might land us. I greatly prefer to stick to my time honored role of onlooker. But if I do intend to expose her it would be much easier to do so now, before any irrevocable words have passed between us, than after she has thrown herself on my honor. If she surrenders me her sword, I cannot turn it against her. And yet, if not against her, it must be for her.

What is the matter with me? My will as well as my judgment seems paralyzed. I can adopt neither the active nor the passive course. I feel as if changes were going on within me or were at hand. A few weeks ago, I recollect, my longing was for an awakening—something to lead me out of the torpor that was weighing me down. It is the first faint prick of the goal that I feel now, or am I about to relapse into a torpor more deathlike than before? One thing or the other will happen. I am sure, but standing here at the parting of the ways I can hardly say which course I incline to take.

What should I bother my head about it? When the time comes, although I shall seem to make a free choice, I shall do as has been predicted from the beginning. The conditions and events of one's past life determine his present action. What has been steers one round toward what is to be. In this sense we are creatures of fate.

Nevertheless the future remains unknown. And that fact, which seems a disadvantage to us, is in reality our sole weapon against blind necessity, for if we saw all beforehand we should be defeated before the struggle began, but as it is the surprise of the unforeseen may sometimes stimulate us to act above our limitations.

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The Kind of  
medicine  
you need is the  
old reliable tonic and  
blood-purifier,  
**AYER'S  
SARSAPARILLA**  
It  
can have  
no substitute.  
Cures others,  
will cure you

## EKRON.

Mr. I. N. Neafus went to Louisville Wednesday night.

Mr. Frank Board spent a few days in Louisville last week.

Mr. W. J. Shacklett left for Lexington Monday to attend the State College.

The candy pulling at Dr. Warfield's Thursday night was enjoyed by all who were present.

Very unexpected news reached here Friday morning of the death of Dr. P. B. Anderson, of Guston.

Mr. Dick Wither and wife, of Irvington, were here Friday the guests of Mr. Jake Kendall and wife.

Mr. B. Kendall went to West Point Monday to purchase lumber for the finishing of his new house.

Mr. Dan R. Enlaw, of Louisville, who has been painting Mr. Blant Shacklett's house, returned to the city Friday night.

Rev. Frank Quinn, of Louisville, stopped here Friday night on his way to Walnut Grove to fill his regular appointment there.

The last few days make us think winter has come at last. The thermometer dropped to ten below zero here Thursday night.

The colored people of Ekron and vicinity had the misfortune to lose their church and school house Tuesday night by fire. The origin of the fire is not known.

Mr. J. W. Kendall, our reliable blacksmith, and Jake Kendall, our livery stable man, have formed a partnership. We can say to all who may have work for these gentlemen, in either business, you can rely upon having it done promptly and first-class.

## MT. JOSEPH.

The public school at this place closed Saturday.

Mr. Jeff Hawkins, of Tobinsport, was here Sunday.

Mrs. Jas. Tininus is on the sick list at this writing.

Capt. Wm. Ahl, of Cloverport, attended church here Sunday.

Miss Ray Dyer, of Cloverport, is here attending the meeting.

Walter King was the guest of Miss Daise Cox, Tobinsport, Sunday.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller is quite sick at this writing.

At Adams, Tobinsport, was here Sunday, circulating among the young ladies.

Misses Nannie and Aurea Adams, Tobinsport, attended church at this place Tuesday night.

Mr. Mark Newton, Hardinsburg, is visiting his parents at this place and attending the meeting.

Mr. Reuben Reynolds, who has been ill with pneumonia fever for several days is improving.

Mr. Frank Carter, of Irvington, visited his uncle Mr. R. S. Carter at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. Chas. and Wm. Tininus were the guests of Misses Bertha and Lorena Hawkins Saturday night.

Mrs. Chas. Tininus who has been quite ill with lagrippe the past two weeks, we are glad to know is improving.

Mr. J. Dyer, Cloverport, visited his daughter, Mrs. Jessie Tininus, and attended church at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Nora Shumate, who taught the public school at this place, returned to her home near Guston Sunday, accompanied by her sister Mrs. J. A. Heaton.

At last the good people of this place have met and organized a Sabbath school. We hope that all who love good society will take an interest in it and may God bless every effort on the part of the officers and teachers to make it a successful one.

Miss Maggie Ahl, of Cloverport, visited relatives and friends here a few days last week. Come back again Miss Maggie, for there is some one here who would be more than pleased to see you but be sure and bring a ball of twine with you for it takes lots to tie up a good sized bundle and make a fellow a pair of shoe strings.

The protracted meeting at this place conducted by Rev. Shelly, of Cloverport, which has been in progress since last Monday night grows more and more interesting. Up to this writing there has been some fifteen or twenty conversions and nine additions to the church. May the good work go on until all that are not on the road to that upper and better land will turn away from their sins and seek Jesus Christ while they have an opportunity and before it is everlastingly too late.

## Will Is Well Liked.

Rev. Cashman, of Owensboro, is assisting Rev. Barrett in a meeting at this place. Quite an interest is being taken and apparently much good will result. Rev. Cashman has accumulated a host of friends here, and his superiors, as ambassadors of God, are few. Pat will correspond in Hancock Clarion.

The greatest remedy extant for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, La Grippe and Whooping Cough is "C. C. C." "Certain Cough Cure."

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Fresh..... 14 @  
HENS.  
Michigan, hand picked..... 1 75 to 1 85  
Indiana-Navy..... 1 60 to 1 85  
Old or Common and colored..... 1 00 to 1 20

**DRIED APPLES AND FRUITS.**  
Apples, choice bright quarters..... 3 1/2 to 5  
Apples, average..... 4 1/2 to 5  
Peaches, new..... 4 to 5  
Peaches, old..... 4 to 5

**FEATHERS.**  
Prime, white goose..... 37 @  
Mixed..... 25 @ 35  
Old..... 15 @ 20  
No. 1, duck..... 25 @

**HIDES.**  
Green, good..... 3 @ 2 1/2  
Dry salt, good..... 5 @ 6  
Dry salt, good..... 5 @ 6  
Sheep skins..... 20 @ 30

**POULTRY.**  
Hens per lb..... 7 @ 8  
Roosters per lb..... 6 @ 7  
Spring Chickens, per lb..... 6 @ 7  
Young Ducks per lb..... 7 @ 8  
Tease, full feathered..... 3 1/2 @ 4  
Turkeys..... 7 @ 8

**ROOTS.**  
Ginseng, Ky. and Indiana..... 2 25 @ 2 50  
Yellow Root..... 10 @

**GAMES.**  
Rabbits..... 75 @  
Squirrels..... 25 @ 50  
Quail..... 1 25 @ 1 50

**WOOL.**  
Tah-washed..... 25 @ 26  
Grease, fine..... 16 @ 17  
Grease, coarse..... 12 @ 14  
Merino..... 12 @ 14  
Barry and Cot..... 5 @ 10

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
Tallow..... 6 @ 4 1/2  
Beeswax..... 6 @ 21  
HAY, GRAIN, FEED.  
We quote prices to-day on Louisville city wharf:

**OATS.**  
No. 2, oats..... 32 @ 36

**HAY.**  
Strictly choice..... 10 50 @ 12 00  
Choice No. 2..... 11 00 @ 12 00  
Good Medium..... 10 00 @ 11 00  
Good Bright Straw..... 4 75 @ 5 30

**CORN.**  
Choice white..... 42 1/2 @  
Choice shelled..... 46 @

**CATTLE.**  
Good to extra shipping..... 4 00 @ 4 25  
Light shipping..... 3 50 @ 3 75  
Best Butchers..... 3 40 @ 3 65  
Medium to good butchers..... 3 00 @ 3 25

**HOGS.**  
Choice packing and butchers..... 5 25 @ 5 40  
Fair to good..... 5 00 @ 5 25  
Shoats and pigs 100 lbs and under..... 4 75 @ 5 00

**SHEEP.**  
Good to extra shipping..... 2 75 @ 3 25  
Fair to good..... 2 50 @ 2 75

**LAMBS.**  
Good to extra spring..... 4 50 @ 4 75  
Fair to good..... 2 50 @ 4 00

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